

VOL. VIII.-No. 201.

JANUARY 12, 1881.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

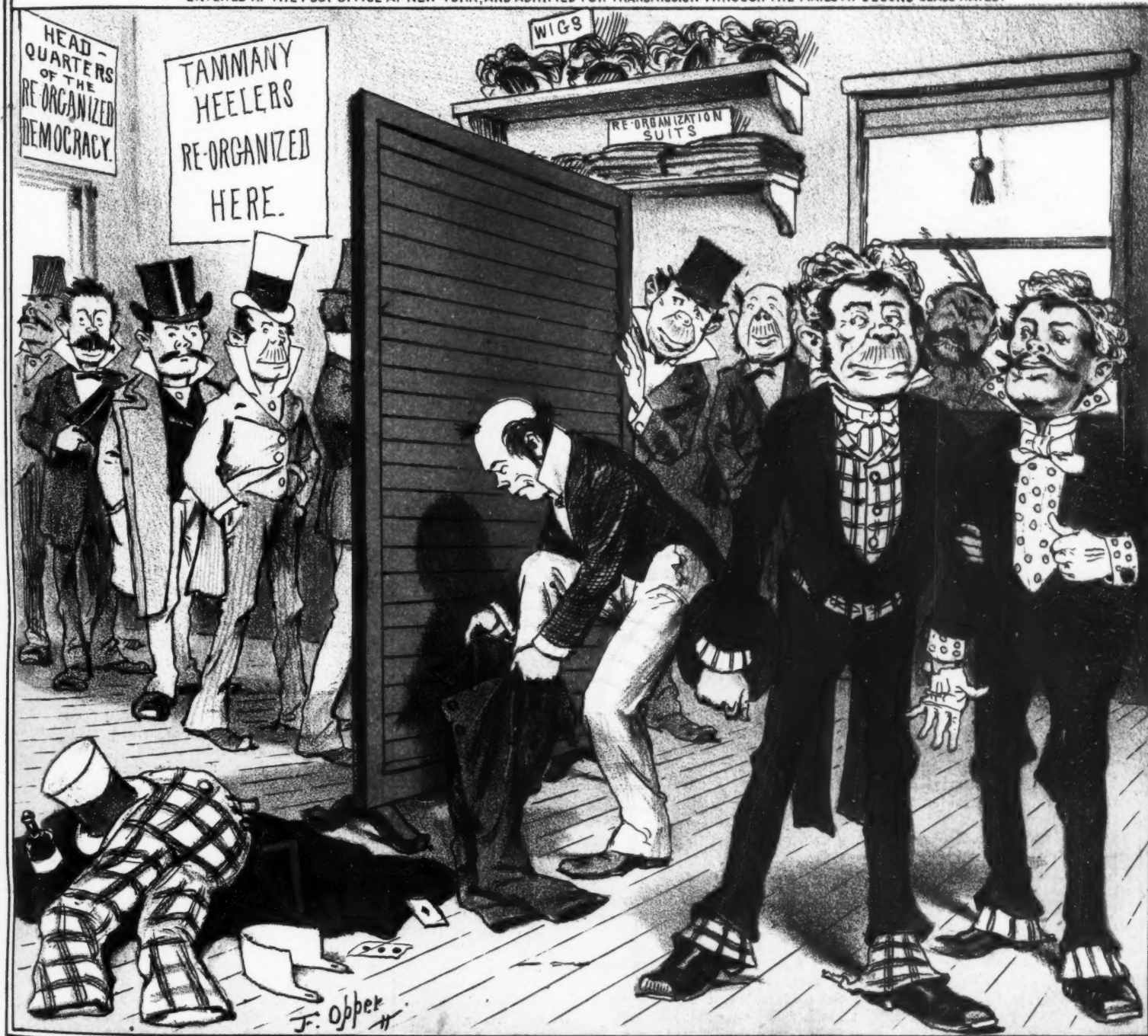
Suck

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REORGANIZATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
THE TAMMANY HEELERS ARE EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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PUCK'S ANNUAL

FOURTH EDITION!!

* PUCK will hereafter publish once a month

PUCKOGRAPHS,

being a gratuitous supplement, giving colored lithographic portraits of prominent characters, comprising

STATESMEN,

POLITICIANS,

CLERGYMEN,

ARTISTS,

and pretty much everybody else. They will form a handsome colored supplement, got up in the highest style of art.

PUCKOGRAPH No. 1,

BY

JOSEPH KEPPLER,

which accompanies this number, is that of

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

who is, as many persons may have learned by this time, the newly-elected President of the United States.

N.B.—This is the only genuine and truthful portrait of General Garfield ever published, and is derived from wholly original sources.

CONTENTS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.
Co-Partnerships, Dissolutions, Notices, etc., for 1887.
A Sleigh-ride—poem.—Arthur Lot.
PUCKRINGS.
FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CLV.
An Appreciative Artist.—Didymus.
A Rosary—poem.—A. E. Watrous.
A Few Notes—illustrated.
Puck's Patent Ready Letter-Writer. Form IV.
Departed Glory—illustrated.
WHAT GORTH ON AT PRESENT.
Columbia to Sadie—poem—illustrated.—Frank I. Clarke.
Fun in a Flat.—Ernest Harvier.
My Christmas Present.—Arthur Lot.
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
AMUSEMENTS.
A 19th Century Boom.
Streets of New York—No. II—illustrated.
Money in the Theatre and Money in the Tabernacle.—illus.
PUCK'S EXCHANGES
LITERARY NOTES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE Administration Coach is drawn up ready to start on its four-years trip. A nice new showy coach it is, too. How it will look after it has traveled the hard public road for the long presidential term it is hard to say. Perhaps some of its spick-and-span beauty will have worn off a little. A good deal will depend upon its passengers, and how they are disposed to bear their share of the burden of the traveling. If they are an ill-behaved or quarrelsome lot, they will have to be ejected, one by one, and their places supplied by more desirable passengers. These little stoppages will not improve the appearance of the coach. They may happen to coincide with the mud-puddles along the route. So far, the coach has but two passengers. One of them is well enough; but the other is given to unexpected

attacks of sunstroke, and is generally a rather obstreperous person. How coachman Garfield will get along with him remains to be seen.

Mayor Grace's message is a credit to him. It is a straightforward, business like document, sound and sensible. Now, if there is a man behind the message, we have a chance for a good administration of public affairs in New York. Perhaps, after all, the political savior is to come out of Worth Street or Hanover Square. The business-man, with his methodical habits, his pride in his commercial honesty and his hard horse-sense is very likely the best man to undertake the task of cleaning out what our provincial exchanges delight in calling "the Augean Stable of Politics." Let Mayor Grace show what the business-man can do for a politician-ridden people.

It is little to our credit that our people are so easily imposed upon by any good-looking British adventurer who may come over here and call himself a "lord." The early simplicity that was a distinguishing feature of the founders of the republic seems to have passed away, and the hundred years of existence appear to have succeeded in making what is called, or what chooses to call itself the best society, a coterie of snobs. Evidences of this are on all sides. We get up elaborate armorial bearings and coats-of-arms; construct imaginary genealogical trees, and endeavor to make it appear that we are descended from some emperor, king, nobleman, or other superior specimen of human nature. A "Mayflower" passenger or a 17th century Hollander is no longer grand enough for an ancestor—though why any person should boast of coming from this stock more than of coming over in a transatlantic steamer in the steerage we have never been able to find out. We give our British cousins credit, perhaps with reason, for having kept up a certain amount of respectability among some of its old families. Many of our young men, especially those who have more money than brains, ape the Britisher, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. They try to walk like him, to dress like him, to swear like him and to talk like him.

There are two or three clubs in this city the members of which probably spend the whole of their spare time—and they have plenty of it—in devising means to be mistaken for Englishmen. It is the highest compliment you can pay them, and their purses will immediately be open to the man who pretends to fall into the error. There are many reasons for this state of things. One is that nearly all Americans have been brought up on English literature; and the greater portion of the fiction deals with "lords," who, as becomes a British author, are invariably represented as being far above people who are not lords. Such reading has naturally had its demoralizing effect on our young men and women, and the swindler who has recently come to grief shrewdly takes advantage of their weaknesses, and for a time has it all his own way. It seems very hard to convince people that it by no means follows that a man who is a prince, a duke, a count or anything else is, other things being equal, one jot better than a man who has no title. Yet such is the fact. The untitled intellectual and respectable man is usually a gentleman, which the titled man, in nine cases out of ten, is not. These things are so obvious that it would be a waste of words to prove them by giving instances. When, therefore, some groom or enterprising young man who knows the ways of lords finds his way to America, it does not take him long, after adopting some high-sounding, romantic name, to get into society.

He is voted so nice, so aristocratic, so truly English, and his very vulgarities are looked upon either as eccentricities or as proofs of his high breeding. He may not always take in New York, because we do, from time to time, harbor some scions of genuine and decent noble houses; but in other cities and in the West he has it all his own way. The mansions of successful pork and lumber dealers are open to him. He is very attentive to the ladies, who listen with rapt attention to the recital of the noble deeds of his ancestors, of the important position he occupies, and the influence he wields in his own country. The young men take him to their crude clubs, and learn to pronounce his complicated aristocratic name with the proper inflection. Their purses are open to him, and then comes the beginning of the end. After promising to marry some weak-minded young woman, "my lord" suddenly disappears, deeply in debt to everybody, and makes his way to another city with susceptible inhabitants, and carries on the same game under another name equally aristocratic. This kind of thing cannot, of course, go on for ever. It does not. Some people begin to suspect, and then the jig is up. "My lord" now tries his hand at forgery, as his cash is running low, and one fine morning finds himself in a nasty, vulgar police station, "ye know."

We still continue to hear a great deal about the organization of the Democratic party. The party is not so much in want of organization as it is in want of finding means to dispense with the fealty of some who profess to belong to it. To put the members of the party in New York city on a footing which will command the respect of the country is a more difficult job than it looks. "Reorganize," says the gin-mill keeper, "Reorganize," says the Tammany heeler who didn't get the office he expected. Reorganize—but how? Is there anybody who can point out the way? We fear that Tammany does not know what reorganization means, and confounds it with rehabilitation. This will never do. John Kelly and Tammany can never be anything but John Kelly and Tammany. The "short-hairs" may do their best to become "swallowtails," and try to make themselves look as respectable as possible in reorganization garments, but they will not succeed. The cloven foot is bound to crop out somewhere.

You may put on a black swallowtail if you will,
But the scent of John Kelly will cling to you still.

Some college boys in Germany and some narrow-minded men of the same nation, who ought to know better, are making a high bid for the position of the first-class donkeys of the century. These silly fellows are distinguishing themselves by advocating the restriction of civil liberty for the Jews. They are led by Mr. Emperor Wilhelm's private parson, a gentleman by the name of Stoecker, who seems to forget that every time he says his prayers—if he ever does—that he mentions the name of a man of the Hebrew race, Jesus Christ. The proceedings of Messrs. Hilton and Corbin of this country were bad enough; but these German college cubs are leaving America far behind in the virulence of their senseless and brutal persecution. The argument is that the Jews are too smart in business and everything else, and enjoy much more prosperity than is justly their due. This certainly is a most lamentable admission for people who pride themselves on their enlightenment and culture to make. Many young Americans are often accustomed to speak disrespectfully of Germans as thick-headed Dutchmen. If this Teutonic nonsensical crusade goes on much longer, we shall begin to think that young Americans are right.

CO-PARTNERSHIPS, DISSOLUTIONS,
NOTICES, ETC., FOR 1881.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

I have this day purchased from Mr. James Gordon Bennett one-half interest in the New York Herald. The paper will continue to be published every day in the year, and the firm name will be Kelly & Bennett.

JOHN KELLY.

NOTICE.

Mr. John Kelly has this day sold to me all his right, title and interest in the New York Star, which will in future be devoted to the advancement of the science of Polo.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between us, under the firm name of Beecher & Ingersoll as Republican stumpers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher will discharge liabilities.

HENRY WARD BEECHER,
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

BUSINESS NOTICE.

With reference to the above, I have to inform my friends and the public that I shall resume business at the old stand in Plymouth Church, and shall be prepared to save souls, etc., on unusually favorable terms.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

NOTICE.

Having retired from the stumping business, I am again at my old trade of hell eradication, and solicit the public patronage and support I formerly enjoyed.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,
NEW YORK, Jan. 1st, 1881.

RETIREMENT.

To the Public:

As I shall shortly retire from business as President and Chief Temperance Lecturer of the United States, I can recommend with confidence Mr. James A. Garfield, who will carry on the concern and will do his best to retain your custom.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.
WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

NOTICE.

The undersigned have this day formed a limited partnership. The business will be conducted under the firm name of Salvini, Backus & Co., and will be devoted to the performance of "Othello" in Italian; the other members of the company playing in English.

TOMMASO SALVINI,
CHARLES BACKUS,
LAWRENCE BARRETT.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

I have the pleasure to state that I have admitted into my business as Associate Editor, Essayist and Poet Laureate, Mr. W. K. Rogers, late of the White House. The name of the firm will be Rogers & Reid.

WHITELAW REID.

Tribune Office.

NOTICE.

I have admitted Mr. Mayor Grace into my business of Cardinal, etc., which in future will be carried on under the style of McCloskey & Grace.

JOHN + McCLOSKEY.
mark.

Witness—WILLIAM PATTERSON.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

We have formed a co-partnership for the manufacture, on the shortest notice, of all kinds of poems, poetic dramas, and other high-class goods.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
JULIA MOORE,
(Sweet Singer of Michigan.)

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 1st.

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of Hewitt & Co., political correspondents and polite letter-writers, expires this day by limitation. The business, in future, will be carried on by H. L. Morey.

A. S. HEWITT,
H. L. MOREY.

December 32nd, 1880.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENT.

I am now prepared to undertake any work in the way of foreign, domestic or political correspondence, and solicit a continuance of favors.

H. L. MOREY.

LYNN, MASS., Dec. 32nd, 1880.

NOTICE.

Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes, of Washington, will have an interest in the Sun and write its political articles after April 1st.

CHAS. A. DANA.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

I have this day gone into the general junk and old iron business.

GEORGE M. ROBESON.

January 1st, 1881.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

We have arranged a co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the song, dance and general variety business under the firm name of Pastor & Bernhardt.

TONY PASTOR,
SARAH BERNHARDT.

DISSOLUTION.

The partnership existing between the undersigned is dissolved until the next Presidential election.

WILLIAM H. BARNUM,
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

AGENCY.

I hereby give notice that I have appointed Mr. Chauncey M. Depew as my agent at Washington, and that he is authorized to act as my proxy in the United States Senate to speak for me, and in my name to transact political, railway or other business; as if I were personally present.

ROSCOE CONKLING.

A SLEIGH-RIDE.

One sleigh,
One horse,
One moon,
Of course.
One maid, who snuggles to you, nothing loath,
One arm
Well placed
Around
One waist,
One robe that's closely tucked around you both!

A race,
A dash,
A clash,
A crash,
And you and she are sprawling on the way;
A drink,
A bite,
A fond
Good-night,
A groan when you look at your furse next day!
ARTHUR LOT.

Puckings.

IT is very mean to ask a man whose wife is a shrew, if it is hot enough for him, or if it's scold enough for him.

A MAN disposes of seven hogsheads of air in a day. If whisky were as cheap as air, there would often be a neck-and-neck race for consumption between the two fluids.

A CONVENTION of undertakers was recently held at Military Hall in the Bowery. We did not know that all the editors of the British comic journals were in New York.

WE KNOW that it is in bad taste, but we could not help thinking when the child of Professor Houry, of Yale College, died the other day, that that little Houry wanted to be an angel.

ACCORDING to Professor Proctor, the end of the world is postponed until 1897, when the Earth and a Comet are to pass one another on the same track. We deeply regret this, as in 1898 Edison's Electric Light is to be completed.

SECRETARY EVARTS wore a dress-coat on New Year's day. This proves two things: that he did not see his PUCK, and that the President of the Union Club does not know the etiquette of dressing any better than the majority of its members.

THE GREAT business boom of which we hear so much does not appear to have reached Sing Sing prison. Its earnings for December were but \$18,000, and its profits \$2000. A second-class burglar at large could burgle such amounts out of sight in no time.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE ("Lothair") is in litigation with his trustees about money matters. A man who, according to Beaconsfield, keeps in his coal-cellar never less than a ton of diamonds and other precious stones, ought to be above resorting to vulgar law about anything.

IN SOME of the islands of the South Pacific, where the clam attains a great size, diving for clams is one of the occupations of the natives. At some of the Church Fairs in the United States, where the oysters are usually of small size, diving for oysters in stews is one of the amusements of the natives.

AT SYDNEY, the capital of Botany Bay, the pioneer convict colony of Great Britain, there has been an international exhibition where a dwelling house was exhibited made exclusively of paper and furnished throughout with articles manufactured from the same material. We need not go to the Antipodes to find an equally inflammable building material. Some of our tenement houses, especially one or two in Madison St., can beat the Botany Bay paper house hollow.

THE YONKERS Statesman takes us to task for asserting that the private life of Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, is as legitimate a topic of discussion as the private life of a preacher. Esteemed Contemporary, you have made an unfortunate comparison. Clergymen, who are supposed to be spiritual guides, must, without exception, be above suspicion, morally, intellectually and in every other way; if they are not, it at once interferes with their business. Not so with an actress, any more than with a tailor, shoemaker, physician, dramatist, poet or telegraph operator.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLV.

AMERICAN INHOSPITALITY.



Ya-as, I have heard a gweat deal about the convenience of calling on one's fwiends and acquaintances on the first of Januarwy, because one is able to wepay to a considerable extent to one's social debts. This aw doesn't apply to me, as I am a marwied man, and it is not considered necessary faw a man with a wife to wun wound to everwybody's house. He can call on a few intimate fwiends and send cards to the west.

Aw ye see, I twy to adapt myself to these peculiah Amerwican mannahs and customs, but am afwaid I shall nevah succeed aw, although my wife tells me I make wapid pwogress, faw a forweignah.

Jack Carnegie mentioned the othah day a stwange feachah of Amerwican society he-ah, which I, by the way, mentioned some time ago as stwiking me as somewhat odd.

I wefer to the general style of keeping up acquaintance with people, especially with bachelors. I don't wondah that so many fellows we-main unmarwied and gwow wearwy of women's society, as they weceive so little encourwagement fwom the parwents and the cweachahs themselves.

If a fellow is pwopahly intwoduced to a g-g-yurl or marwied woman, she verwy likely says: "Come and see me." You go, and the pwobabilities are that you will find her alone in a cold but gorgeously decorwated dwawing-room. Aftah talking on different subjects, the chances are that she will ask you to take a glass of fwigid watah and a toothpick. You will then be urged to wepeat your visit, and if the family have a particulah evening faw weception you are wequested to put in an appearance. Jack says that this is not twue hospitality; in fact, many Amerwicans do not understand the meaning of the word in the Bwedish sense. They are too fond of giving a general invitation, which everwy fellow with any nous knows is no invitation at all.

Of course people who are not verwy wich cannot be expected to give gwand entertainments, but it is in the powah of almost everwybody who lives in tolerwable comfort in a moderwately appointed wesidence to wendah his fwiends much happier than he does.

A certain class of Amerwicans are nevah satisfied unless they can make a terrific splurge, and consequently depwive themselves of half the pleasure of life.

A gweat many men, even those bwought up in our set, would often feel verwy much gwatified at being asked out to a plain unpwetentious dinnah, without any pweparwations. If parwents would do this, numbahs of female cweachahs who are now old maids would have got marwied.

The maw I think of this Amerwican system the maw widiculous it seems. What the d-d-devil is the use of asking a fellow to call, and expect him to keep up the acquaintance faw evah when you offah him nothing but a plate of ice-cweam and a glass of ice-watah?

If an Amerwican thinks he is not wich enough to give wegulah dinnahs, then let him ask his pwospective fwiends to spend fwriendly evenings, and at least give him some be-ah and aw sandwiches, so that he shall not weach home in a hungwy condition.

No man with an ordinarwy supply of bwains can be expected to dance attendance on and keep up fwiership with families who fwom

one ye-ah's end to anothah nevah invite a fellow to a dinnah or a suppah of the simplest charwactah, but who perpetually say: "come and see me," and then give you iced watah, or a wotten cup of tea at an afternoon weception, and sometimes not even that.

I have gone watah out of my way to mention these twifles, because many decent stwangeahs have complained of the mattah, and I think with verwy good weason.

Of course neithah my wife nor I evah makes this fwightful erwah. Some people he-ah must be verwy much obliged to us faw setting them the pwopah example.

If a man is not worth asking to dinnah, or to suppah, or to some special arwangement, where he can weally have something to eat or dwink, it is a gweat deal bettah to cut his acquaintance.

I fe-ah some Amerwicans will nevah understand this. If they evah do, and adopt my wecommendation, they would find that their daughtahs would go off their hands with gweatah wapidity; as decent young bachelahs would have stwong weasons to pay fwrequent visits, knowing that they would not wun the wisk of being wealed solely with iced watah, which beverage will do well enough when a me-ah visit of duty is paid aw, faw a fellow is not always desirwous of eating and dwinking.

P.S.—Aw, Miss Marguerwite never tweated me in the awfully queeah way I have just weferred to when I used to call on her pwiah to our pwesent matwimonial alliance. Mrs. Fitznoodle is aw, howevah, not weceiving visitors at this particulah ewa aw.

AN APPRECIATIVE ARTIST.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You don't get my name to fool with—no, not if this court knows herself; but, being of the Artist persuasion, may I not defend Fitznoodle? It had been said by them of olden time—"The fools are not all dead." There be silly fools and wise fools, and one of the latter sort it was that attacked poor, innocent Fitz. I admit that he is the silliest-looking Englishman that ever mortal made—an extravagant caricature; but as the expression of an idea he is a darling—even to his toes. "So there!"

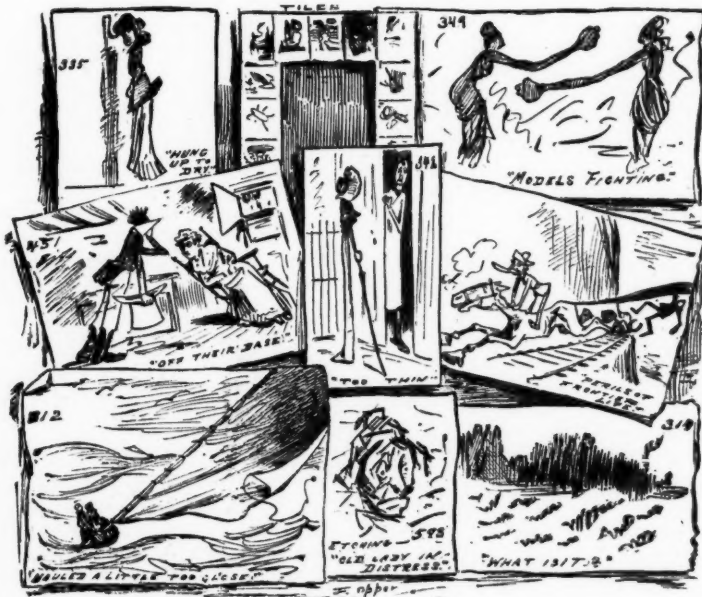
DIDYMUS.

A ROSARY.

MY angel rings. Life's day is done,
Whate'er its hits or misses.
I'll say a verse for every one,
My rosary of kisses.
Hail Mary! Do you on the hill
The gloaming path yet wander—
The boat-house path—and groweth still
Each victor-victim fonder?
O Time, unmatched scene-shifter weird,
What tricks these dreams may play us!
Her hair's as gray now as my beard;
Her shaky steps would stay us.
Those lily stalks must now, I ween,
With years, not grace, be drooping;
Those trees have surely lost their green,
And got, like me, to stooping.
I kissed you, but I wondered then,
Despite my juvenescence,
If Heaven's Queen thus used all men
Who bowed within her presence.
A Paternoster—sooth, he might—
Hers might have well been noster.
Perhaps he should have been that night,
By laws precisians foster;
When, closed the book, and cased the hall,
I, knowing not what waited,
Found in the flag-draped, half-lit hall
That which my heart's thirst sated.
O Agnes, saint of snows and storms,
Yet do I hear them clinking,
The hoofs upon the ice—the farms
As now their red lights blinking,
The frosty gold that pierced the blue,
I see. No frost pervaded
The rays that shot from lids of you;
My flame in faith they aided.
Tierce, quart! Far more with cuffs than cold
My ears ached, so you guarded.
In safety may your spouse be told:
'Twas worsted that rewarded.
And, Sancta Dorcas, regnant here,
Shrined in the linen closet,
A bead for you, so be you sheer;
I've kissed you—but when was it?
My angel rings. Life's day is done,
Whate'er its hits or misses.
I've said a verse for every one,
My rosary of kisses.

A. E. WATROUS.

A FEW NOTES



FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB, AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

PUCK'S PATENT READY LETTER-WRITER.

ADAPTED TO POPULAR NEEDS.



[Continued from last week.]

FORM IV.

LETTER DECLINING AN INVITATION TO IMBIBE SPIRITUOUS REFRESHMENT.
Jonesville, February 1/2th, 1881.

MY DEAR EBENEZER:

What, to a truly sensitive mind, can be more agonizing than the conflict of grateful affection and inflexible moral principle, waged in a breast synchronously devastated with the harrowing ravages of unsatiated appetite? Por-tray to your intelligent and educated fancy the desolation of my spirit when I contemplate the present situation; and if the picture thus re-vealed does not touch a sympathetic chord in your soul, you are not the individual for whom I accepted you.

You have invited me to accompany you to a public hostelry, and there to absorb intoxicat-ing liquor; the variety unspecified, the quality presumably superior, and the quantity deter-mined only, according to the custom of the country, by my own discretion and the capa-city of the vitreous receptacle allotted to my use.

The use of spirituous liquors may, in mode-ration, be permissible; but, when I contem-plate the vast sum of misery caused by over-indulgence in the fascinations of the hostelry, I feel that a serious responsibility is assumed by one who sanctions, in however slight a de-gree, the absorption of inebriating beverages.

In common with all men of cultivation, I de-plore the degradation which our glorious Eng-lish literature suffers by the production of such

poems as "Father, dear father, come home with me now." You will certainly compre-hend that, were it not for the prevalence of the abhorred vice of intemperance, that literary abomination could never have gained its wide-spread popularity.

You must likewise recognize the indubitable fact that those highly objectionable people, the temperance advocates, would never have ap-peared, to lower the tone of society and foster the barbaric bigotry of the inhabitants of the rural regions, if the Demon Drink had not cast his blighting curse over so many happy families.

You must, moreover, deplore with me the hyperbolic extravagance of language which at-tacks the fundamental principles of English syntax, and which arises principally from the pernicious practice, introduced by the apos-tles of total abstinence, of denominating the innocuous Calorific Scotch "the pale beverage of demons," and the soothing product of Bour-bon County, Kentucky, "the dark draught of Hell." Nor is it desirable to encourage the custom of including all classes of liquid in-ivigation in the general category of "Rum."

You will therefore appreciate my eagerness to ameliorate the objectionableness of the pop-ular acceptance of the vexed question of the propriety of utilizing the vinous and malty products of the civilized world. The regretta-ble extravagance of prohibitionist fanatics springs primarily from the condemnable ex-cesses of those of opposite views. In declining your courteous proposal, I but seek to strike at the radical inception of a deplorable evil.

I trust, therefore, that you will not, by an injudicious insistence in your amiable, but ill-advised generosity, force me to give counte-nance to what I regard as a pitiable feature of our social civilization.

I remain, my dear Ebenezer, yours in con-sistent refusal,
JOHN JONES.

P. S.—Since giving expression to the above sentiments, it has occurred to me that it is only the unwarrantable publicity given to the spirit-uous excesses previously referred to that has called forth the unwarrantable reprobation of the superogatory ascetics also mentioned. If your locality of resort is of a secluded charac-ter, and if our presence there is not calculated to excite remark, I think I might venture on availing myself of your considerate politeness.

. J. J.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.



AND now cometh the young woman who hath received callers on New Year's unto her friend, who hath done like-wise; and she converseth with her friend even after the fashion of the money changers, yea, after the manner of them of Wall Street.

For, behold, she sayeth unto that friend: "Lo, now, I have brought thee the cards that I had of my callers, so that we may make ex-change, thou and I, making just and lawful di- vision between thine and mine, that we may each have a goodly share thereof."

And that friend maketh answer and saith: "Do even as thou sayest; for, lo, many have called upon me, in the day and season of call- ing; but few were chosen. Take thou therefore of my multitude, which is vulgar, so many as please thee, giving unto me of thy few such as are acceptable in the eyes of the world, and such as are of the Tribe of the Sassietyites."

And thereupon the first maiden maketh answer and saith unto her: "What will thou give unto me for the card of my friend Van Rensselaer, of the Tribe of the Knickerbockers, for behold, his name is great in the land!"

And her friend, having taken counsel of her- self, maketh answer unto that maiden, saying: "The card of Smith will I give unto thee, even the cards of all the Smiths that I know; and the number of them is five and twenty, even a score and the fourth part of a score."

And she giveth unto her friend the cards, and taketh in exchange the one card of the Van Rensselaer, the name whereof is known even unto the uttermost parts of the land.

Then saith her friend unto her: "Behold, thou hast the card of the Stuyvesant, likewise the card of the Rutherford, and of many others of the tribe of the Vannites. And for these will I give unto thee, to be for thine own, these other cards of the Joneses, being half-a-score of cards, and the cards of the Robinsons, and of Smiths, and of Browns, after their kind."

And the thing is done, even as she hath said, and they make division of cards, and it shall come to pass that when the young maiden sit- teth in her parlor and receiveth the chosen of her heart, and he maketh question of the feast of the New Year's, as is the manner of young men, she shall say unto him: "Yea, verily I have received many callers, even according to the multitude of them that are in the salver."

And that young man is much moved there- by, and he boweth down and worshipeth that young woman, and thanketh his stars that he alone is chosen of all them that came to her on the feast of the New Year's.

But that maiden's friend sayeth unto her own young man: "Nay, now, on the feast of the New Year's I receive not all who come, neither take I in the vulgar rabble; but only them that are of high birth and of goodly name, like them whose cards are in the card- basket, even the card-basket on the table."

And he also is moved thereby; for the wis- dom of the young man is foolishness, and his knowledge is folly. Selah.

DEPARTED GLORY.



TAMMANY HEADQUARTERS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

COLUMBIA TO SADIE.

I.
SWEET SADIE, when thy brief engagement ends,
 When on thy final act the drop descends,
 And hopeless agony our bosom rends
 That we must sever,
 Do not desert Us in Our dire distress,
 Remain, We pray, to comfort and to bless,
 In all thine elongated loveliness,
 And leave Us never.

FUN IN A FLAT.

MR. NAPIER HOTALING shared with his young wife and two infant daughters the conveniences of Flat C in the Apollo Belvedere Apartment house. On the evening of December 31st, 1880, Mr. Hotaling thought it befitting his dignity as a householder, a lucky spouse, an American citizen and the happy father of twins, to see "the old year out." Accordingly, he repaired to a hostel in the near vicinity and, surrounded with several festive spirits, he drank deep and gaily of sundry and singular mixed drinks; made profuse pledges of future abstinence and told funny stories. This mad revelry continued until 2.15 A. M., January 1st, 1881, when the proprietor cleared the place and closed the doors, and Mr. Hotaling, conscious of his inebriety, partook of copious draughts of plain soda, and cinnamon and seltzer. The effect of such beverages is, I believe, to "sober up" the individual.

When Mr. Hotaling had about struck an average between the drinks that madden and those which restore, he started in the direction of the Apollo Belvedere. Reaching the entrance, he climbed cautiously to the outer-door and dexterously inserting his key, drew open the portal. When the noise had ceased to reverberate he closed this door and plunged his key in the inside one, and a minute afterwards was in the corridor. Reaching out blindly for the wall, he placed his back securely against it and proceeded to remove his boots. Taking one in each hand, as a sort of prow, as it were, he moved noiselessly in the direction of the stairway. Scarcely had he come in contact with the baluster, when a window was suddenly opened and the new janitor, who had come that morning, peered out into the darkness. The new janitor was, to speak uncharitably, a coward. His teeth chattered together, and he was hoping against hope that he had made a good take. At the moment he was about to withdraw, the boot in Hotaling's right hand fell heavily to the ground, and the janitor, a perfect Goliath of bravery in his words, called aloud in martial language:

"Who goes there?"

"It's me, Napier. The boys call me Nape. Go to sleep, Scully."

The janitor abruptly closed his window and consulted the register. He saw no "Napier" recorded therein. Arming himself with a heavy club, he proceeded in an alarming state of *deshabillé* to attack the intruder. He began his parley with:

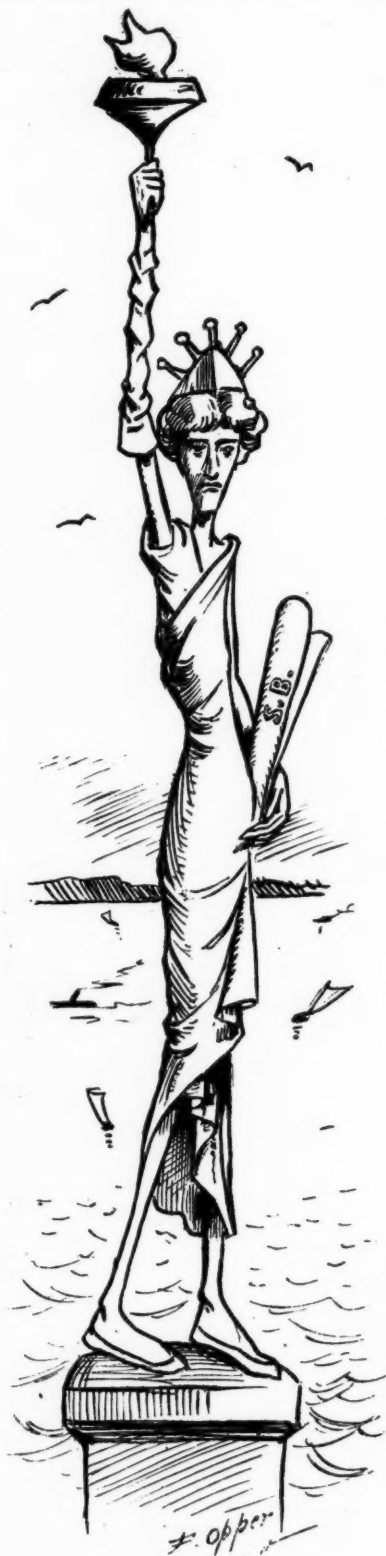
"What do you want?"

"Go to bed, Scully," said Mr. Hotaling, ignorant of the substitution.

"My name 's not Scully," said the janitor. "You're a thief!"

Mr. Hotaling dropped the other boot.

The janitor then "went for" him, striking a blow which must have parti-colored Mr. Hotaling's frame. There was a pause, some groping in the darkness, and the two men grappled. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued. Hotaling wrested the stick from the janitor, when the latter elevated himself to turn on the gas in the chandelier. Mr. Hotaling resented this by jostling the janitor, and by smashing the globe into more fragments

**III.**

The years rolled on, the stattoo never came;
 Its light, like Edison's, still fails to flame.
 Dost tumble, Sadie, to Our little game?
 We've cash to back it.
 Be thou Our stattoo, ornament Our Bay,
 Thy task were light; continue to portray
 Thy most successful rôle, *la Liberté*.
 Wilt stand the racket?

FRANK I. CLARKE.

II.
 A century had crowned Our hopes and fears—
 Old Time had kissed away the many tears
 That marked the passage of a hundred years
 Of Our existence—
 When sister France, to prove her *amitié*,
 Presented Us, on Our centennial day,
 A "stattoo," as Artemus Ward would say,
 With sweet insistence.

than there are Ohio men employed in Washington.

The janitor started wildly for the stairs, when Hotaling caught him by the leg, and, while holding him in this undignified position, cried: "He's a police. Call the burglars. Help! Help! Call the burglars."

The janitor, having been born and bred in New York, knew that a nocturnal law-fractor has nothing to fear from the police; but the summons to the burglars chilled him to the bone, and his heart contracted in his distress.

Another hand-to-hand encounter followed. The stick was broken, and the janitor thrown prostrate in a heap on the marble floor. Hotaling, despite his wounds, started lithely up the stairs, moving like one swimming, such was the gesticulation of his hands and arms. He had barely run against the wall at the first landing, when he heard a clamor over his head. It was the tenants gathering in wraps on their respective floors. Mr. Hotaling now realized that his design of entering the house, as it were, surreptitiously, had been abortive—had miscarried, failed. He heard the voices of the twins yelling in unison, and the sympathetic feminine voice of Mrs. Hotaling calling to him to come out of his room and defend her from the dastardly marauder.

"I am coming, Olive," he murmured, seeking to supply a ventriloquial effect wholly impossible in a drunken man.

By this time the janitor had lighted a candle and was calling loudly for help. Hotaling was supporting a rung of the baluster, and the tenants of the Apollo Belvedere were bewailing the removal of Scully. In this emergency, Mr. Hotaling cast himself against the wall three times, and thus roused, shouted lustily:

"Go to your rooms. You'll be called as witnesses!"

This ruse worked like a charm, and the doors closed suddenly. Mr. Hotaling, in his moment of triumph, miscalculated his elevation and crawled into the kitchen of the widow in Flat B. Awakened to a sense of his mistake by the ominous yelping of a spitz dog under the table, he rushed into his own quarters, stoutly defended by his wife. Mr. Hotaling's admiration for his wife's prowess and valliant courage grew immensely from that hour, but the display of it at the time does not call forth his enthusiastic praises.

But for the providential arrival of the janitor the twins would now be orphans. Mr. and Mrs. Hotaling, of one accord, fell upon the intruder and beat him fiercely. He escaped with his life, and when the clock struck three, peace had resumed its sway in the Apollo Belvedere.

The janitor has corrected his register, putting in the complete names of all the tenants, together with all pet names and aliases. The doctor says a recurrence of his first night's work will terminate fatally for his patient. Mrs. Hotaling's toilette table looks like an infirmary. Mr. Hotaling, when intent on festival celebrations, inquires, before leaving the house, for the janitor, and apprises him of his intentions and of the probable hour of his return. The widow in Flat B remarks sententiously that it is not strange to her that leap-year should "go out with a rush."

ERNEST HARVIER.

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

WHEN I descended to the sitting-room on Christmas morning, I was quite surprised to find a good-sized dog tied to my stocking. At first I could not see why my wife had seen fit to give me such a present, but I afterwards discovered that my wife had, with that wonderful capacity for blundering inherent in the female sex, mixed up the Tunnel Club, of which I am a member, and of which the *raison d'être* is beer, with the Kennel Club, of which the specialty is "pup," and had supposed that I was fond of dogs. I examined the beast, and discovered that it was a curious mixture. Its mother had evidently been a black-and-tan, and its father a bull-dog; but its godfather, or its mother's cousin, or some dog which resided in the neighborhood of its home, must have been a spitz, for there was a strain of that blood in its veins. My wife had been assured that it was a fine house-dog, and she had paid a magnificent price for the creature—out of my pocket-book.

As we had other things to look after on Christmas, we did not pay much attention to the dog, except to stuff him with all the rich food with which tables are generally loaded on that holiday. During the night, however, we paid considerable attention to the beast. Hardly had we placed our heads on the pillows when that creature began to howl, and he kept up the performance during the whole night. None of us slept a wink. I went to the head of the stairs and hurled the soap-dish, and my wife's shoes, and the alarm-clock, and a flower-vase at him, but that only made him worse.

The next day was Sabbath, but I could not keep it holy except wholly devoted to cursing that dog. I put the creature out in the yard. At once it began receiving calls from every dog in the neighborhood. As my home is situated in a semi-rural place, there are seventeen regular dogs in the neighborhood, and seven or eight occasional visitors. Evidently the dog-calendars differ from those we use, for they thought it was New Year's day and all called on my dog. And that creature sat out there in my front-yard and treated every one of its visitors to whine.

In the afternoon our kitchen ornament, imported about three months ago from the Emerald Isle, admitted my Christmas present into the kitchen. Now, I own a beautiful Maltese cat which I prize highly, but that dog went for that cat with the utmost promptness. The result was, when I had rushed down-stairs and had separated the creatures by means of a red-hot poker, that the cat had lost one eye, and had had her ears chewed off so short that she never could have fits, while the face of that dog was so thoroughly deprived of hide that, if he could have seen himself in a looking-glass, he would have tried to devour his own nose, on the theory that it was a piece of raw meat.

Later in the day, when my son and heir had come home from Sunday-school, he went out into my front-yard to amuse himself. Unfortunately he amused himself too vigorously, for we very soon heard him screaming. His mother, and his aunt, and the servant-girl and I hurried out, and we found the boy struggling towards the front door, with my Christmas present firmly fixed by its teeth to the child's sitting-down place. Having separated the canine from the human, we led the boy into the house and examined the situation. The amount of court-plaster we were compelled to use would appal you. No, you are mistaken, we did not put the court-plaster on the child's trousers; we patched *them*.

In order to revel in pure milk, we have arranged with a very estimable Irish gentleman in our neighborhood to bring us fresh milk from his own cows every evening. At about dusk he entered our yard with his kettle of milk in his hand and his pipe in his mouth. He had reached the area steps before my Christmas-present spied him. Then the dog sprang for him, and the old man tumbled into the area, spilling his milk, falling flat on his pail, and smashing his pipe into smithereens. I rescued the old gentleman, but that was an expensive attack for me. I was compelled to pay for the milk, buy a new pail, give him a meerschaum pipe, and, as he treated bruises with brandy, pay for innumerable bottles of *eau de vie*.

Our pastor, an estimable Methodist clergyman, had arranged to call for us and accompany us to evening service. He called, but before he could get into the house, my Christmas-present had made one spring at him, and had torn the left tail from his frock coat. I could see an expression of thankfulness that the dog had not made free with his unmentionables pass across the pastor's face. Of course I was compelled to lend the clerical gentleman my frock coat, and he talked so much about how well it fitted him, etc., on the way home, that I was compelled to give him the coat.

The dog was a house-dog, but I determined that night that he should watch the outside of the house. He stood up on his hind feet on the back stoop and howled till midnight; then quietude reigned, and we fell asleep. In the morning I looked around for the beast, but could see no signs of him. About eight o'clock one of my neighbors, who cultivates chickens, entered my yard, dragging by the tail my Christmas present, unmistakably dead.

"I say, neighbor," remarked he, "I think this 'ere is

your dog. I caught him killing my chickens, and I killed him. If you want to go to law about it, go ahead."

"My dear fellow," said I, grasping his hand, and shaking it cordially, "you've done me a great favor, and if you are satisfied I am."

We buried my Christmas present under a grape-vine, and I have so carefully explained to my wife the difference between the Tunnel Club and the Kennel Club that she will never present me with another "pup." In fact, I should not be surprised if on next Christmas morning I should find a keg of lager tied to my stocking.

ARTHUR LOT.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTIME.—Tell her the fourth edition of the ANNUAL is now out.

E. N. B., BROOKLYN.—We have no desire to crush you. Your suggestion for a cartoon has not that wealth of elaborate idiosyncrasy with which most of our correspondents invest their communications. Unfortunately, much as we should like to publish a triumphant outburst of genius such as you hint at, we can not help thinking that, considering the present status of political affairs, our joy would be a little premature.

NEW YORKERS.—It affords us sincere pleasure to know, by your note:

THOMASVILLE, Ga., Dec. 31, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK.—Sir:

We must be so extravagant as to buy a postal card and tell PUCK how we welcome him at the Gulf House. We have managed to collect and send in our subscription for 3 months, and Christmas or New Year's, after hanging up our stockings, we *must* have PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881. Those away from home can best appreciate the fun, cartoons and sarcasms on those who form fit subjects. This is such a dismal poor country that one needs a tonic, and PUCK is a good one.

"NEW YORKERS."

that, to our wandering fellow-citizens, we are able to alleviate the horrors of the land of orange-culture and alligators. May PUCK descend upon you regularly, like a benediction, and may your hog and hominy be sanctified unto you.

J. E. MCC.—Your question is of interest to the public in general:

BALTIMORE, Dec. 30th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK.—Sir:

A reader of PUCK would like to know through your valuable paper a receipt to keep the hands soft and white: hoping soon to see such, I am

Yours respectfully, J. E. MCC.

It is a hard question to answer, Mr. McC. But there are several ways of accomplishing your object. It would be well for you to try to acquire the habit of sleeping with your hands in your mouth. This, however, may be difficult. Some people have their hands pounded soft once a week with a rolling-pin, and then whitewashed; but this method is open to objections; the use of the rolling-pin gives a meaty taste to the bread. Perhaps the best thing you can do is to soak your hands every night in a lotion composed of equal parts of oil of vitriol, croton oil or any similar emollient oil, mustard, Stockholm tar, carbolic acid and detonating powder. If you use this mixture conscientiously, you will probably have white and soft hands, besides a crown and a harp and wings, along with the other angels on the far side of Jordan.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Josh Billings has published a cook book, with receipts in his peculiar style. Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. are the publishers. If Mr. Billings would learn to spell correctly, his articles might be more readily understood; but then they would not, perhaps, be so funny.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, appear to understand the taste of the little ones. They have recently issued a handsomely bound book, profusely illustrated, entitled "Clover Beach." It is by Margaret Vandergrift, and the boys and girls who read it will be made happy.

Brentano's Monthly for December keeps up to its high standard. The best authorities on sporting matters contribute to its pages, and although, perhaps, there is a little too much in this number of what would be more seasonable in an open winter or the early summer months, still it is, as a periodical, almost indispensable to the amateur athlete and sportsman.

"My Hero" is a love story by Mrs. Forrester, published by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The story is not uninteresting, and, in some respects, gives a fair idea of certain phases of English life. Mrs. Forrester is addicted to putting extracts from the poets at the head of her chapters. We do not know if Mrs. Forrester has read all the poets she quotes, but we dare say she has. Still we think that it is an old-fashioned practice that is "more honored in the breach than the observance."

AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Marie Geistering is the best living actress of her fine German school. She plays Bernhardt parts better than Bernhardt can play them, and Aimée's parts with more refinement and as much humor. Being a German and not a French woman, and not indulging in coffins and balloons, she is unknown to sensation-mongers. She is nevertheless a great artist—one of the great artists of the century. The American public, being stupid in some things, is not familiar with the THALIA THEATRE, which gives a great deal of good acting without making a fuss about it; but it is to be hoped that Miss Geistering's engagement will lead to a better acquaintance between German actors and New York audiences.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE is a godsend to Brooklyn. It gives the resident Brooklynite a series of metropolitan performances more varied than New York enjoys. It is practically all the New York theatres in one; and it is creditable to Brooklyn that it appreciates this bit of enterprise. This week Mr. Lester Wallack appears in "Rosedale." This is one of the most entertaining plays of the Wallackian repertoire, and the eternal *jeune premier* appears to great advantage as the volatile and pugilistic hero.

An elaborate variation on the theme of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is still the attraction at BOOTH'S THEATRE. Begging Signor Salvini's pardon for mentioning him in the same paragraph, we will state that he appears there on Jan. 31. He is at present, under the management of Mr. J. St. Maur, traveling through Canada and Ohio. The man who misses seeing Salvini on his return to this city is a yokel, not fit to live in New York.

At last we are to see the Nautch girls at DALY'S THEATRE. This is the last week of "Needles and Pins." Then comes "Zanina, or the Rover of Cambray," a version of "Nisida," which will introduce the Oriental charmers, including Mrs. Oombah, the thirteen-year-old spouse of Mr. Allaboy, who was recently, for a too brief period, the happy father of a lovely but constitutionally feeble daughter.

There is a musical prodigy at Koster & Bial's CONCERT HALL—young Maurice d'Engremont, a juvenile violinist who has certainly a wonderful force and maturity of style, and far more imaginative grace than either Remenyi or Wilhelmj. His bowing is firm, his tone pure and sweet, and his style, for a mere child, as he is, singularly mature and refined.

"Olivette" at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE has hit the public; and the dainty little theatre is the rage of the hour. The "good society" of New York flocks to it as the "good society" of Paris once flocked to Offenbach's little box of a theatre, and perhaps with better reason, for the BIJOU is managed with good taste and discretion.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE is as much a New York institution, as well-known, and perhaps even more popular than Trinity Church. The choicest things in a variety way are always to be seen here in their glory, and nothing can be funnier than Tony Pastor's "Evening Party."

That ambitious and unquenchable amateur, Mr. Frederick Paulding, makes another try for professional existence this week at the FIFTH AVENUE. We propose next week to examine critically the young gentleman's claims to the position he thinks he can occupy.

"Bigamy," a new play by Mrs. Ettie Henderson, will succeed "My Geraldine" at the STANDARD. For this reason alone it will be welcome. It is, moreover, said to be a work of marked strength and originality.

This is the twelfth month of "Hazel Kirke" at the MADISON SQUARE, with no prospect of abatement. We hate to be officious or premature; but we must remark that this thing is getting monotonous.

The popular "Olivette" is soon to be produced at Abbey's PARK THEATRE in a style of unexampled gorgeousness. A "distinguished American writer" has been wrestling with the adaptation.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin and Mr. and Mrs. Holland, in the "Danites," are at the WINDSOR THEATRE, and their picturesque play pleases New York as well as ever.

"Forget-Me-Not" has come to WALLACK'S to stay; and we must own that it fully deserves the welcome it has had from the people of New York.

We have received, too late for publication, a letter from Mr. S. S. Packard, replying to our recent strictures on the "Business College" system. It is a very temperate and well-written communication, and we shall take great pleasure in printing it next week—likewise in preaching a little sermon by way of reply.

Our E. C., the N. Y. *Evening Express*, has begun the year by coming out in a splendid new dress of type. After the *Express's* admirable Christmas number, we did not think that it would so soon give us another pleasurable surprise; but it appears that we were mistaken.



GARFIELD'S TALLYHO!-SELECTION



SELECTING THE PASSENGERS.

A 19th CENTURY BOOM.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PRESTON VISITS A PRIMARY.

MR. PRESTON, having put his hand to the plough, felt that he could not turn back, and so, on the evening appointed for the meeting of the Repucrativ Association of his ward, he prepared to wend his way to the political headquarters.

"What, again, papa?" ejaculated Bessie.

"To be sure," answered her father pompously. "Did you ever know anything that was perfected in a day?"

"Jonah's gourd," suggested she.

"Ahem," said her father, "that's a physical object. I referred to moral ones. Now, the very important matter of civil service reform can be—"

"There, there, papa," interrupted Bessie, laughing merrily, "don't, I beg of you. Besides, if you spout it here to me, all the cream will be skimmed from it. Save it for the meeting."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Preston, "you are only a woman, after all."

"My dear Papa," said Bessie, bowing very low, "so I have been told, and I hope it's true."

Mr. Preston said no more, but went forth to the meeting.

He found the headquarters of the Association were in the second story of a rickety old building over a lagerbier saloon. At the entrance stood Tom Adams.

"Why, Mr. Preston," exclaimed Adams, "I'm delighted to see you here."

Thereupon he seized Mr. Preston's hand and shook it vigorously. Mr. Preston was inclined at first to resent the familiarity, but he remembered that injunction to be "all things to all men," and he thought that this was an occasion to apply it.

However, worse was to come, for Adams took pains to introduce Mr. Preston to everybody whom they met as his particular friend. They were a motley lot, and Mr. Preston winced as he shook hands with them. The great mass of them evidently belonged to the class rowdy. They could not afford to indulge in collars or clean shirts, but they could in tobacco; and those of them who were not ejecting tobacco juice from their mouths were sucking on cigars. They slouched around the room and spoke in loud, strident tones.

Mr. Preston had never been in such an assemblage before. He had been accustomed to meet very respectable gentlemen at directors' meetings, who were nice in their ways and clothes and manners. Naturally, then, he felt very much out of his element. If he had followed his first inclination, he would have left the room at once and gone home; but he remembered that he was pledged to the Reform Club to run the primary in his ward in favor of civil service reform. Mr. Preston finally took a seat near the middle of the room and waited for the opening of the meeting.

Meanwhile Tom Adams had assembled a few of the leaders at the rear of the room.

"Look here, boys," said he, "we must elect Mr. Preston as our presiding officer."

"What, that fat old coon with a big belly and a double chin?" asked one.

"Yes," answered Adams.

"Well, I'm against it."

"You confounded donkey," ejaculated Adams, "don't I tell you that he's just running over with money, and, if we make him boss, won't he come down handsomely?"

"Oh, if you put it in that way."

"Well, I do, and besides he's dangerous on the floor. He's full of these infernal notions about civil service reform."

"Civil service reform!" sneered one.

"Well, you may sneer," said Adams, "but it's dangerous. You mustn't have it spouted too much. If it should come into fashion, you fellows would have to work for your living."

Long faces were in order then.

"Now," continued Adams, "we'll make him presiding officer and that will keep his mouth shut, and we'll send him to the Convention because he'll make us look deuced respectable, and he can't hurt us there."

Finally the leaders assented to Adams's proposition. Then he called the meeting to order, and nominated Mr. Preston for presiding officer. The rank and file were astonished, but as the leaders, especially Adams, seemed to be in favor of it, Mr. Preston was elected. No one in the room was so much astonished at his elevation to honor and power as was Mr. Preston. When Adams approached him, Mr. Preston expostulated.

"But I don't know anything about it."

"Oh, it's very simple," said Adams. "Besides, I'll stand by you."

So Mr. Preston allowed himself to be persuaded and took the chair.

Mr. Preston was correct when he said that he knew nothing about the matter, and the whole affair would have been in a terrible mess if Adams had not assisted the Chairman. With a dozen men on the floor, all shouting for recognition, Mr. Preston's mind soon became very much confused. However, Adams came

gallantly to the rescue, told him whom to recognize and what to do, and Mr. Preston soon became experienced in making confusion worse confounded by hammering on the desk with the gavel. Order, however, finally came out of chaos, and the business of the meeting progressed slowly.

Mr. Preston was very much astonished at the matters which came before meeting. He had supposed that great political truths would be discussed, and, when he took the chair, had consoled himself with the reflection that some one abler than himself would properly discuss his favorite topic, civil service reform. In reality, the members of the Association used up the time of the meeting by discussing their individual rights and wrongs and wishes. The chief things discussed seemed to be whether Tom White or Jack Brown was best entitled to have one of his henchmen appointed on the police or in the Custom House. It must be confessed, however, that the services which the gentlemen there present had rendered to the party were spread before the meeting in a vivid manner.

Mr. Preston was thoroughly astonished. Everything was so different from what he had expected. Instead of a quiet, orderly assemblage, gravely discussing important questions, he found a noisy, obstreperous, disorderly gang, each of whom was so intent upon having his say that, even with the aid of Adams, Mr. Preston found it very difficult to keep any kind of order.

Adams, however, understood the men well enough, and when the proper time came he took care that the really essential business should be done. For example, he took advantage of Mr. Preston's presence to suggest that there should be a subscription made for the cause.

"What is it for?" asked Mr. Preston, looking sternly at Adams. "Not for bribery or anything of that sort?"

"By no means; merely the legitimate expenses."

"Eh?" asked Mr. Preston.

"Oh, the rent of the hall, and tickets, and men to peddle them, and things of that sort."

"I see," said Mr. Preston. "How much ought I to give?"

Adams took care to name a good round sum, and Mr. Preston drew his check on the spot.

That important matter having been attended to, Adams then brought on the carpet the subject of delegates to the State convention. In accordance with Adams's plan, Mr. Preston was elected and two other gentlemen, and three of the smaller fry as alternates.

"But," said Mr. Preston to Adams, "I don't know these other gentlemen."

"Oh, they are first-class men," said Adams, so vigorously that he quite impressed Mr. Preston.

"But are they civil service reformers?" asked Mr. Preston.

"Dyed in the wool," answered Adams.

"Ah, then," said Mr. Preston, "I'll accept."

In truth, Mr. Preston's fellow delegates were holders of sinecures in the Custom House, who looked upon civil service reform as the abomination of abominations. Adams however, did not worry himself about that. If Mr. Preston went to the Convention, he would only be a drop in the bucket, although, from his position in the world, he would give character to the party; if, on the other hand, he found

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

No. II.



EMPLOYMENT FOR THE "FINEST POLICE IN THE WORLD."

out the real character of the gentlemen who were associated with him, and refused to attend the Convention, why, his alternate was a sound man. In either case, then, Adams's plans would work well enough.

The important part of the meeting having been accomplished, Adams was anxious to close it. So he instructed one of his henchmen to move an adjournment. Then arose a perfect Pandemonium. Not one half the patriots had managed to tell their wishes, and all sprang from their seats, and from every part of the room could be heard all sorts of shouts.

"Put the question," said Adams.

So Mr. Preston put the question.

What the real result was no one could tell.

"Carried," said Adams in Mr. Preston's ear.

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Preston.

"Pshaw!" said Adams. "There isn't a doubt of it. Just shout carried and leave the platform and the row will cease."

So Mr. Preston followed Adams's instructions, and, sure enough, the row did cease.

Mr. Preston and Adams walked slowly down the room, and several of the members congregated around them.

"Don't he stand treat?" asked one of them of Adams.

"Hurrah for the Chairman!" shouted a big, burly, ruffianly-looking fellow.

So the members cheered.

"It's customary," said Adams to Mr. Preston, "for the newly-elected presiding officer to treat the boys."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Preston, "but no—ahem—drunkenness."

"No, no," said Adams, "nothing but beer. Will you join us?"

"No," responded Mr. Preston quickly. "It's late and I must hurry home. You can represent me and have the bill sent to me."

"All right," said Adams. "Come, boys," added he, "the Chairman stands treat."

So they cheered the Chairman and hurried to the bar-room below.

Mr. Preston, having got out of the building, moved quickly homeward. After going a short distance, however, he struck a much slower gait, which gave him an opportunity to think. In accordance with the programme laid down by his friends at the Reform Club, he had made the effort to run the primary in his ward. Never in his wildest moments had he dreamt that he would meet such a gang; never for an instant had he imagined that white human beings could behave themselves in such a disorderly manner, while gathered together to discuss political matters. And not a word of political discussion had been uttered. He had hoped that he himself might have been able to have uttered a few words on what had become his favorite hobby, but you might as well have attempted to sing some dainty air in a den of wild beasts as to have tried to talk important matters at that meeting.

By the time he reached his home, Mr. Preston was ready to admit that managing primaries was not his forte. However, he thought the State Convention must be different, and, as he had been elected a member of that body, he concluded that perhaps there he might be more successful.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARNOLD CALLS AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Arnold had been invited by Mr. Preston to call at his home again, and he had thought that he had read in Bessie's eyes a tacit repetition of that invitation. Fortunately, excessive modesty was not the birthright of the young men of Yamsterdork, and so Arnold, finding that he wanted to call again, resolved that he would call again. Not that he craved the society of Mr. Preston so very much. By no means! Probably he could have gone down to

his grave with great complacency without casting his eyes on Mr. Preston again. But—there's always a but, you know, in everything human—he did crave another opportunity to look once more into the bright eyes which lighted up Mr. Preston's daughter's face, and to listen to the sweet tones that fell from her lips.

He was cunning, too, the young rascal. Hadn't he brought word to Mr. Preston as to the time when the primary would be held, and hadn't he informed that gentleman that the Reform Club expected him to attend that primary? And yet he selected that very evening to call upon—Mr. Preston.

Of course Mr. Preston was not at home, and then Arnold ventured to ask for Miss Preston. She was at home, and he was soon ushered into her presence.

"Ah, Mr. Brinckley," said Bessie as he approached; "I heard you ask for papa."

Arnold bowed as gravely as if he were not conscious that he was a great fraud.

"He's gone to a political meeting somewhere."

"True," exclaimed Arnold, as if the idea had struck him for the first time; "I ought to have remembered that."

"But pray sit down, Mr. Brinckley," said Bessie. "I suppose you came to talk politics with him."

"Yes," responded Arnold with a little hesitation.

"Well," said Bessie very solemnly, "if you must talk politics I'll try to struggle with that

subject; but, if it would be just as convenient, I'd much rather try to converse about logarithms, or square root, or something light and attractive of that sort."

"Well," said Arnold laughing, "suppose we reserve those tough subjects for some other occasion. I'd much rather hear you sing than anything else, if you feel good-natured this evening."

"Oh, that will be ever so much better!" exclaimed Bessie, springing up.

Arnold followed her to the piano. Once there, she sang two or three pieces and then they fell into conversation. Arnold was charmed by his companion. She was as bright and piquant as a woman could be, and the time fled so swiftly that, before Arnold was aware that the hour was late, Mr. Preston returned.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Bessie, "you have been having a wretched time."

Mr. Preston greeted Arnold and then dropped into his easy chair.

"Did you ever attend a primary, Mr. Brinckley?" asked Mr. Preston.

"Oh, yes," answered Arnold, "a few times."

"Well," said Mr. Preston, "I've attended one, and that has been enough for me."

"They are somewhat rough sometimes."

"Somewhat rough!" exclaimed Mr. Preston. "The one I attended was a sort of Pandemonium."

"Poor Papa!" said Bessie, with pretended sympathy.

"Don't laugh at me, you rogue," said Mr. Preston.

"Laugh!" exclaimed Bessie. "Look at me, Mr. Brinckley! Would I not make a good model for Niobe, dissolved in tears!"

"Very good," answered Arnold, thinking that she would make a good model for anything beautiful.

"Why," said Mr. Preston, "I went there expecting to hear the subject of civil service reform discussed—By the way, Mr. Brinckley, you believe in that reform?"

"Eh?" said Arnold.

"Of course he does," added Bessie. "Why, he even desired to discuss it with me."

Arnold's senses came to him. He saw that the true way to obtain a welcome there was to believe in Mr. Preston's hobby.

"Oh, of course," said he, "but then I am rather a neophyte, seeking for information, than a high priest in the temple of reform."

"Very good," said Mr. Preston. "There's nothing pleasanter than to see a young man desirous of learning. Drop in and see me when you have an idle hour and we'll talk over the subject."

"Thanks," said Arnold, "I'll do so with pleasure."

Arnold thought that speech presented a very good opportunity for him to retire, and so he said his farewells and went away. Bessie offered him her hand as he departed, and he allowed it to linger a moment in his own. He persuaded himself again that he read in her face the invitation which had come from her father's lips. [To be continued.]

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name is, but it's the fellow who has the most to
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youthful charms thereby neglected; in conse-
quence of this, our request is that your Excel-
lency will, for the future, order that no widow
presume to marry any young man till the maids
are provided for, else to pay, each of them, a
fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties;
and likewise a fine to be levied on all such
bachelors as shall be married to widows. The
great disadvantage to us maids is that the
widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up
the young men, and have the vanity to think
their merit beyond ours, which is a great im-
position on us, who ought to have the prefer-
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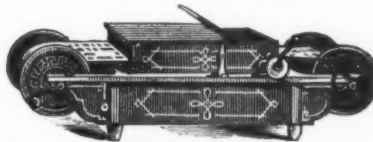
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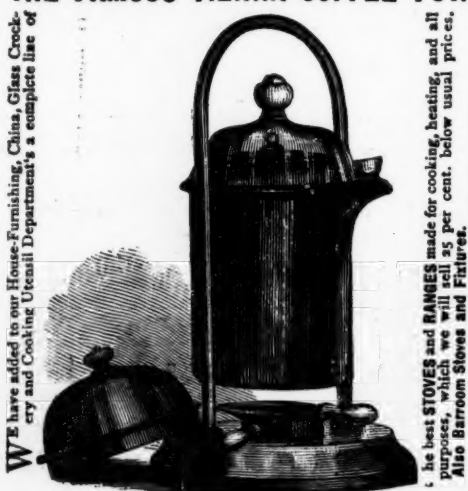


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ELLA WHEELER has written a new poem called "What are the Little Stars Saying?" Those we've interviewed are saying that the big ones, like Sadie and Salvini, have scooped everything and made business bad for them.—*Boston Post.*

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[Cairo (Ill.) Radical Republican.]

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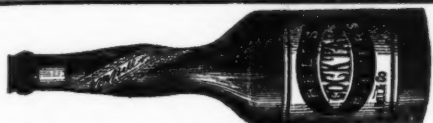
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A PARTY of 150 Chicago lawyers, gamblers, Board of Trade men and shoulder-hitters went out to Crystal Lake last Wednesday to witness a fight between a couple of roosters. No disgrace, however, is attached to the roosters.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

It is rumored that the reason why our navy is not visible to the naked eye is because somebody is sitting on it. Stand up, gentlemen.—*Hackensack Republican.*

The past has been a glorious year for the country. Why, in Philadelphia alone there were at least fifteen cases of triplets.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

[Keokuk Constitution.]
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